

GERMANY STILL THREATENS WORLD'S SEA TRAFFIC

The Daily Mirror

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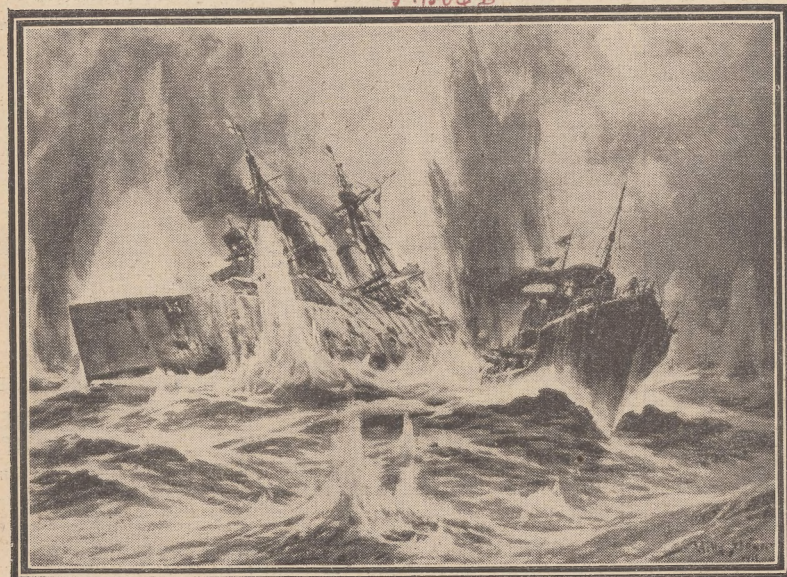
GENERAL RICCIOTTI GARIBALDI REVIEWS THE HEROIC TROOPS OF FRANCE ALTHOUGH HE IS NOW ON CRUTCHES.



General Ricciotti Garibaldi, son of the great Garibaldi, reviewing the French troops in Paris. Two of his sons have died fighting for France, and four others are now fighting

for the land which their grandfather loved and defended. The General will shortly visit London. He says Italian intervention is bound to come.

THE LION LIE FROM THE FABRICATION FACTORY.



This is the latest lie issued to bolster up Berlin's drooping spirits. It shows Admiral Beatty's flagship being torpedeed and sunk by a German torpedo-boat, which was, of course, just a few yards away. The Lion is safe, but no tale is too tall for the belief of Berlin.

WOULD YOU KNOW A ZEPPELIN?



People looking at the new notice which has been posted up in London explaining the various differences between German and British aircraft. It is thought that the public will use its telescopes.

GENERAL'S DASH FOR MATCHES.

Professor Pares Gives Pen Picture
of Russian Commander.

GERMANS' SONG BOOKS.

In his latest account from the Russian front, Professor Pares gives a pen picture of a Russian general. He says:—

The general commanding the army is a short and sturdily-built man, with quick brown eyes and a profile reminiscent of Napoleon.

He talks quickly and shortly, sometimes drums on the table with his fingers, and now and then makes a rapid dash for the matches. The daily visit of the Chief of the Staff is short, because, as the general says, "In this country, simple business is done quickly."

Every piece of his incisive conversation holds together as part of a single and clear understanding of the whole military position, of which the watchword is "Forward." It is only the heavy rains that have saved the retreating Austrians from new losses.

A number of Czech prisoners Professor Pares saw on one occasion confidently assured him that any Russian troops that entered Bohemia would be welcomed as friends, and claimed that not only the neighbouring Moravians and Slovaks, but also the Croats from the south, were to be taken as friends as they came.

The Bohemians and Moravians, he says, seem to be surrendering in the largest numbers of all. Professor Pares mentions that the bear party, under the orders of sanitarians, with whom he travelled, were all composed of Mennonites, a German religious sect from South Russia, which objects to war on principle, and, being excused military service, even in this tremendous struggle, seems to be serving wholesale as ambulance volunteers.

SAW SHRAPNEL BURST.

Later on Professor Pares says:—

"One of my new companions, who has been out to a village to get milk for the wounded, has seen the shrapnel bursting; and the guns are sounding loud and clear near the town as I write this."

He spoke to patients in hospital, and one German spoke of the snarrels between the Bavarians and other troops, and other Germans said that the Austrian Army did not hold out "unless properly led by Germans." When Professor Pares said the end of the war was in sight one German said: "More misery, more misery," and another said: "Oh, Jammer, Jammer!"

Every German soldier has a song book and a Prayer Book. Professor Pares says that he has asked Professor Pares if there were any other Englishmen in Russia, and when he answered that there were some the German said: "The English are everywhere. They are a fine people—noble."

SHORTAGE OF ARMAMENT WORKERS

The shortage of men required for the production of armaments and munitions of war was the subject of a Government inquiry opened yesterday by Sir George Asquith, Chief Industrial Commissioner, Sir Francis Hopwood and Sir George Gibb.

The Commissioners will report to the Government as to the best steps to be taken to ensure that all the available productive power of those engaged in the engineering and munitions establishments of the country shall be utilised during the war.

It is stated that the shortage of men is due partly to the unusual demand for armaments and munitions of war, and partly to the depleted ranks of skilled workers caused by the recruiting campaign.

MORE PEOPLE—LESS POOR RELIEF.

That while the population has increased the number of people receiving poor relief in England and Wales has decreased in twenty years from 820,000 to 761,000 was a statement made yesterday by Mr. Herbert Samuel, President of the Local Government Board, at the annual conference of Poor-law guardians.

There was, he said, a certain proportion of idle, dishonest and dissolute people, who, through their own fault, became dependent for maintenance upon the assistance of others. There were also those who were incapacitated through no fault of their own.

The Poor-law had tried to distinguish between these two classes, and in recent years had endeavoured to stop the flow of pauperism from the source and stop the development of bad characters by means of education, temperance, child law reform and housing and sanitation reform.

ASLEEP BUT READY.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—The Senate has again been the scene of an all-night fight as the result of endeavours by the followers of the Administration to pass the Ship Purchase Bill and the counter-efforts of the Opposition to talk the measure to death.

While Senator Jones was discussing at great length everything connected with the country's politics and business which was not salient to the issue many senators went to theatres and dinner-parties, and only returned to the Senate at midnight, prepared to sleep in chairs in the cloak-room, where they could be called upon if any attempt should be made to discuss a note.

In the early hours of the morning several absent senators were ordered to be arrested and brought to the Chamber.—Reuter.

COMIC WHISKERED DOGS.

Lively Little Brussels Griffons Hold an
"At Home" in London.

DIDINE THE BANANA EATER.

Brussels griffons have captured the hearts of Englishwomen. They are dainty little Belgian toy dogs, something like a pug and a Pekingese combined, and during the past four or five months they have acquired a remarkable popularity.

Although they were first introduced into this country from Belgium twenty years ago, griffons have never had the rage which they are enjoying to-day.

The war and the sad plight of some of their kith and kin in stricken Belgium—not a few of the dogs are "refugees" in quarantine in this country—have given them a sentimental interest which they would probably never have otherwise acquired.

Yesterday the largest show of Brussels griffons ever held in this country was opened at Ward's Riding School, Knightsbridge, under the auspices of the Brussels Griffon Club of London and the Griffon Belge Club. Over 200 griffons were present at the show.

The griffon is the friendliest of little creatures with black, bright eyes, short, snub nose, a little mouth, revealing a tiny row of white teeth, and a comical fringe of whiskers round its face.

One of the aristocrats of the show, who did not compete with the other dogs, was Didine, the property of Mrs. Allison.

Didine, a Belgian subject, who has been living in this country for some time, has a passion for bananas.

This is his menu every evening: 7 p.m., minced raw meat and biscuits; 9 p.m., a sliced-up banana or an apple cut into small portions.

Didine enjoys a banana better than anything else, and all the year round has a whole one to himself (or sometimes an apple) before going to bed.

All the exhibitors yesterday at the Griffon Dog Show were women. Among those who had entered dogs for competition were the Dowager Countess of Donoughmore, Lady Macnaghten and the Hon. Mrs. H. McLaren.

Mrs. Frank Pearce, who was judging the animals, told *The Daily Mirror* that griffons were never more popular than they are to-day. "Black nails and eyes and short noses are among the points which these dogs should possess," she said. "They may be worth as much as £1,000."

'JUST LIKE A SCHOOLBOY.'

How Admiral Jellicoe Keeps Fit by Playing
Ball on the Iron Duke.

How Sir John Jellicoe keeps fit on the Iron Duke is told by a gunner on the admiral's flagship.

"He's just like a schoolboy," says the gunner, "and when he wants a little exercise, but not of too strenuous a character, he comes on deck and plays ball with one of his staff. The ball goes whizzing backwards and forwards for a considerable time."

"When in need of more rousing exercise he engages in a running competition round the deck."

Here is an amusing incident of life on the Iron Duke.

Dark and cold nights hot coffee is served out to the men on the night watches. The coffee goes by the name of "ki," and is carried round by the "ki-boy."

When walking along the deck one night the "ki-boy" thought he saw one of the night watch, but met no one. After he had walked a little further he found he was near a man. He accosted him with, "Any 'ki'?"

The man answered, "Who are you?" "Ki-boy," came the ready reply from this purveyor of the coffee.

"No, I don't want any," came the reply. At this the boy was a little hurt, and said, "All right, 'ki-boy' found he had been addressing Admiral Jellicoe."

KILLED ON THE PAVEMENT.

A story of a taxicab's dash on the pavement on a dark night was told at an inquest which was opened at Westminster on Mr. R. C. Thompson, a retired Civil Servant and a champion lawn tennis player, who was killed near the National Gallery on Sunday.

Evidence was given that Mr. Thompson left the Union Club, where he dined on Sunday night, at about 10.25 p.m. A taxicab or motor car was seen to run on to the pavement for some yards and then turn suddenly back into the roadway. Mr. Thompson was afterwards found lying on the footway.

The coroner stated that they had only one witness who saw the cab and the police were endeavouring to find others. The inquiry, therefore, would be adjourned until to-morrow. A taxicab driver was present in court in custody in connection with the case.

SON FOR AUSTRIAN HEIR.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 9.—A Vienna telegram states that the Archduchess Zita yesterday evening gave birth to a son at the Castle of Schoenbrunn. The Archduchess is the wife of the heir to the Austrian throne, the Archduke Karl Franz Joseph, and the new prince is their second son.—Central News.

LEARNED COAL TRIMMERS

Baronet and Scientists as "Handymen"
in Sir E. Shackleton's Ship.

MRS. CHIPPY AS MASCOT.

News of Sir Ernest Shackleton and his party on the vessel *Endurance*, which is to carry them to the South Polar seas, is contained in a letter, received from Mr. Jack Vincent, one of the party on board.

The vessel is now at South Georgia, an island abreast of Cape Horn. It is a whaling station, inhabited by about 300 men.

Sir Daniel Gooch, Bart., is amongst those on board, and Mr. Vincent writes:—

"It seems strange to see a baronet doing his two hours at the wheel the same as an A.B. All the scientists share up the work and take their turn tripping coal."

"Mr. Hussey, the meteorologist, says he had only just arrived home from Central Africa, where he had been engaged on scientific work with the Wellcome expedition, when Sir Ernest asked him to join him."

"I have enjoyed the voyage so far immensely," he told me. Sir Ernest thinks that sailors are the most useful men extant, so we have all been taught to wash down decks and take a bid at the wheel."

Mr. Vincent continues:—

"We are going to winter among the ice, which means we shall be down here about fifteen months, and our time will be filled up by sledding in various directions for the scientific part of the expedition until the great journey across the Antarctic starts."

The *Endurance* carries a mascot in the form of Mrs. Chippy, the ship's cat.

WRITING TEST FOR WIFE.

Judge Dismisses Petition of Husband Who
Alleged He Received a Confession.

A writing test was ordered by Sir Samuel Evans when the hearing was resumed yesterday of the petition of Mr. F. C. Horvath, a furrier, for the dissolution of his marriage on the ground of the alleged misconduct of his wife with the co-respondent, Oscar Marx. The charges were denied.

It was stated that the petitioner was a widower and the respondent a widow with children when they married in December, 1908. After the ceremony they returned to the husband's house in Islington, but the wife left him the same day, and they never lived together in the same house.

In the witness-box yesterday Mrs. Horvath denied that she had misconducted herself with Marx and another man.

She also denied having written a letter to her husband since Saturday's proceedings.

At the Judge's suggestion Mrs. Horvath sat down and wrote: "Dear Fred,—I have misconducted myself, so do all you can to divorce me."

Mr. Horvath, recalled, said he received a letter that morning which he swore was in his wife's handwriting.

Sir Samuel Evans found there had been no misconduct between the respondent and the co-respondent and dismissed the husband's petition with costs.

ONE OF THE FIGHTING SEYMOURS.

A venerable and distinguished soldier passed away at Lytham, Liss, Hants, yesterday in the person of General Sir William Seymour, K.C.V.O., at the age of seventy-six.

His father was an Admiral of the Fleet, and he himself—a true fighting Seymour—entered the Royal Navy as midshipman in 1881. He was present at the taking of Hongkong in 1864.

After a few years at sea he decided to join the Army, and in 1855 took a commission in the Coldstream Guards as an ensign, in which regiment he took a share in the siege of Sebastopol. Later he served in Egypt and was present at Tel-el-Kebir.

In 1905 Lord William was placed on the retired list with the rank of general.

GIRL SERVANT AND DEAD MASTER.

TORONTO, Feb. 9.—The family of one of the most wealthy and prominent manufacturers of Canada has just been stricken by what has everywhere been being a dramatic crime.

Mr. Charles Massey, nephew of Mr. Chester D. Massey, was found shot dead, it is supposed at the hand of a domestic servant, at his home last night. The girl has been arrested and charged with murder.

Mr. Chester D. Massey is president of the Massey-Harris Company, Limited, manufacturing agricultural implements in Toronto, Brantford and Woodstock. Reuter.

£4,000 FIND IN A TRENCH.

PARIS, Feb. 9.—The *Journal* publishes the following story from Lyons:—

A native of Lyons, serving with the 52nd Infantry, relates the following story of a Territorial named Charles Catalan.

The latter was digging a trench at the front when he discovered he had turned up a jar containing £4,000 in securities.

Catalan at once carried his find to his colonel and has been mentioned in Orders of the Day in the following terms: "Charles Catalan, while digging a trench, found a large jar and a securities which he hastened to take to his superior officers."—Reuter.

ACTOR ALLIES IN A MATINEE.

King Manoel and Queen Amelie
at Brilliant Performance.

GOODWILL TO FRANCE.

The Entente Matinée at His Majesty's Theatre yesterday afternoon was a memorable performance in the history of the stage.

It marked the union of the French and British theatres. It confirmed the entente in the world of art.

Seldom, if ever, even at His Majesty's, has a more distinguished audience gathered in Sir Herbert Tree's beautiful theatre.

Notable people in the social and artistic world were everywhere. They crowded each other in the stalls and the circle.

One box particularly attracted general attention—the box which contained Queen Amelie of Portugal, King Manoel and Queen Victoria Augusta and the Duc d'Orléans.

King Manoel and the Duc d'Orléans seemed particularly to enjoy the delightful quarrel scene from "The School for Scandal" as acted by Sir Herbert Tree and Miss Marie Lohr, a perfect Lady Teazle, with the real atmosphere of the period.

"A SOCIAL SUCCESS."

And then came the address by M. Maurice Donnay, of the Académie Française.

Afterwards great French and English artists appeared alternately upon the stage.

Sir George Alexander played Mr. Max Beer-bohm's very clever one act play, "A Social Success," with his accustomed polish and ease. Mr. H. B. Irving recited.

The French, Russian and Japanese Ambassadors were present, as were also the Belgian and Serbian Ministers, and the performance concluded with the singing of the "Marseillaise" by Mme. Marguerite Carré and God Save the King, sung by the orchestra.

As a prelude to the matinee a poetical address, sending a message of goodwill to France, was spoken by Mr. Louis N. Parker, who had composed it.

WHY HE TOOK THE BEEF

Quartermaster's Plea of Unauthorised Per-
quisite Custom.

A curious Army custom was put forward as a plea in the Court of Criminal Appeal yesterday, when Albert John Daniels, a quartermaster sergeant in the West Kent Mounted Rifles, who was sentenced to be imprisoned for fifteen months in the Alderson Prison for stealing two hindquarters of beef from the Army Service Corps, had his sentence reduced to nine months.

For the appellant it was stated that there was an existing practice, "a kind of unwritten law," by which the quartermaster sergeant who represented the depot was entitled to go to the Army Service Corps and buy a hindquarter of beef, and those responsible for cutting up the meat a certain amount in respect of wastage.

In this case the defendant had not made his claim for some time, so he claimed the meat in bulk to cover the days he had missed.

The Court held there was nothing in the books to show such a practice existed, but, in reducing the sentence, took the prisoner's good record into consideration.

WOMAN WHO FORGOT.

An action which the Judge thought was based on a woman's forgetfulness was heard in the King's Bench yesterday, when Mrs. Katie Lee, wife of a retired soldier, sued her husband for the return of a ring valued at £85. Judgment was given for defendants with costs.

It was stated for plaintiff that in 1910 after receiving an estimate she sent the ring to the stores to be repaired, receiving a receipt for it. Not wanting to spend the sum stated in the estimate, she did nothing about the ring for three years, destroying the receipt, but keeping the estimate. Last March she wrote and asked for the return of the ring, but was told it could not be traced, and that the company were not responsible for goods left longer than six months.

For defendants it was argued that plaintiff had herself mislaid the ring. Afterwards remembering she had taken it to Harrods—probably to get an estimate without leaving it—she thought she had left it there.

PROBLEM OF HUSBAND IN FRANCE.

A modified decree of restitution of conjugal rights was granted in the Divorce Court yesterday to Mrs. Helen Hulton against her husband, Colonel F. Courtenay L. Hulton, who is serving with the Army in France.

Mrs. Hulton said her husband went to India and on coming back refused to return to her.

The Judge "I cannot order a man on active service to have his wife out there with him, nor can I order him to come home and live with her here. There will be an order for the restitution of conjugal rights, but it shall be obeyed within one month, or such time as the Court may hereafter direct."

The Dacia has been unable to sail from Norfolk, Virginia, says Reuter, owing to a strike of eleven of her crew. The ship's officers alleged that they feared that they would be seized by the British authorities.

DID NEWS OF AIR RAID MAKE KAISER ABANDON FLEET INSPECTION?

War Lord's Sudden Change of Plans Follows Receipt of Telegram.

AN AIRMAN FLIES UNION JACK OVER BRUSSELS.

Sea Huns Scoff at British Grief Over Dead Babies—Refugees as "Contraband."

ARGONNE BATTLE IN DENSEST PART OF FOREST.

The Kaiser's much-advertised inspection of his fleet at Wilhelmshaven was not a very dazzling affair.

His Majesty, it was reported yesterday, found that he had urgent business elsewhere, and his desire to inspect the High Canal Fleet showed a lamentable lack of enthusiasm in a War Lord. Indeed, he was in too much of a hurry to inspect it at all.

Three enemy airmen are said to have been the cause of this sudden change of plans.

It is stated that just before the ceremonial inspection news was telegraphed from Cologne that three enemy airmen in monoplane had been sighted there on their way to Wilhelmshaven.

At once the royal inspection of the fleet was cancelled, and the Kaiser, after a hurried inspection of the guard of honour on the pier, returned to Berlin twelve hours in advance of his scheduled time.

Airmen have played an important part in recent operations, and the pilots of the Allies, as "Eye-Witness" points out in his narrative printed on another page, have gained the mastery over the Germans.

This was vividly shown by a British airman, who shot down a German pilot in an exciting duel over Brussels, a fight which ended in the victorious pilot flying away, waving the Union Jack.

BRITISH AIRMAN WINS DUEL OVER BRUSSELS.

Pilot Waves Union Jack to Cheering Crowd After Shooting Down German.

PARIS, Feb. 9.—The *Intransigeant* states that a British airman appeared on Friday over the Etterbeek manoeuvre grounds, near Brussels.

He was too high for the German anti-aircraft guns to shoot at him effectively.

A Taube aeroplane ascended in an attempt to drive off the British pilot, but the German was shot down after a thrilling duel.

A great crowd of Belgians witnessed the fight and when the German fell they raised loud cheers and sang "God Save the King."

The British airman waved a Union Jack to them and then flew off in safety.—Exchange.

AIR CHASE OF KAISER.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 9.—Travellers from Hamburg state that the Kaiser's visit to Wilhelmshaven was abruptly shortened by the news, wired from Cologne, that enemy airmen were flying to Wilhelmshaven in three monoplane.

On the news being received the inspection of the fleet was cancelled, the Kaiser satisfying himself with merely inspecting the guard of honour on the pier.

He returned to Berlin by special train twelve hours before he was expected.—Exchange.

PARIS, Feb. 9.—An official Note from the French Press Bureau says that between the Oise and the Aisne the French artillery brought down a Taube, which fell in flames into the German lines.—Exchange.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 9.—The *Maasbode* learns from Heyst that airmen of the Allied forces dropped bombs there, causing unimportant damage.—Reuter.

HUNS DRIVEN FROM MILL

PARIS, Feb. 9.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

In Belgium there was an intermittent artillery duel.

Ypres and Furnes were bombarded.

Belgian artillery destroyed a farm, the defenders of which fled.

Along the Bethune-La Bassée road we occupied a mill in which the enemy had succeeded in installing himself.

Soissons has been bombarded with incendiary projectiles.

Along the whole of the Aisne front and in

Champagne our artillery effectively countered the German batteries.

In the Argonne the struggle commenced around Bagatelle developed in one of the thickest parts of the forest, and consequently assumed a somewhat confused character.

As a whole the respective fronts have been maintained on both sides.

The forces engaged on Sunday did not exceed three to four battalions on each side.

In Lorraine and in the Vosges there were artillery engagements.—Reuter.

PARIS, Feb. 9.—To-night's official statement says:—

No event of importance has been reported.

In the afternoon of yesterday we exploded in front of Fay (south-west of Peronne) a mine gallery where some soldiers of the enemy were working.—Reuter.

ADVANCE FROM YPRES.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 9.—The *Sluis* correspondent of the *Telegraph* states that the village of Middelkerke has suffered heavily by bombardment during the last few days.

Several houses have been burnt, while on Sunday and yesterday heavy gun-firing was again audible.

On the Ypres front vigorous fighting continues without important successes for either side.

Maaslede, near Roulers, has been alternatively in the hands of the Germans and of the Allies. The latter occupy Langemark and Paschendale.—Reuter.

Middelkerke, near the Belgian coast, is five miles west of Ostend. Langemark is four miles north-east of Ypres and on the road to Roulers, the Germans' important railway junction.

NO ROOM FOR PITY IN KIEL "IRON HEARTS."

Bombastic Naval Dispatch Sneering at "Lamentation Over British Babies."

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 8.—A dispatch dated from the cruiser *Moltke*, February 1, and entitled "Our Outposts in the North Sea," appears in German newspapers, having been circulated broadcast from semi-official sources.

It contains the usual fantastic statements concerning the alleged inaction of the British Fleet and repeats the German claims to have sunk a battleship, a cruiser and a destroyer during the action of January 24.

The following reference to the "new naval warfare" of Germany is noteworthy by reason of the semi-official authority behind the words quoted:—

"Iron times call for iron hearts, which annihilate the enemy without pity."

"What matters to us his whining lamentation over the British baby inevitably struck down by each blow of our weapons?"

"What care we for Belgian refugees, the meat for whose dinner was salted by the U 21?"

"Belgian refugees should be regarded as contraband, because England is pressing them into the service of the forces allied to her, just as in former times she snatched up sailors for her fleet."—Central News.

NEW MINE SOWING PLAN.

COPENHAGEN, Feb. 9.—The general impression here is that Germany intends to embark upon a treacherous scheme of sowing mines in the North Sea.

Various statements which have appeared in German newspapers tend to give support to this impression. For instance, the *Kölnische Zeitung* remarks that it may be difficult to safe-

guard neutral ships so far as mines are concerned.

The Swedish naval authorities have reported to the Government the increasing danger from mines at the entrance between Denmark and Norway and the water off the west coast at Skagen.—Exchange Special.

NO U.S. FLAG PROTEST.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—President Wilson denies the report that there will be a concerted protest on the part of neutral States against the so-called German blockade of Great Britain.

The President understands that the proclamation of the German Naval Staff is merely a warning to neutral vessels that certain designated areas must be regarded as dangerous.

I have the highest authority for stating that there will be no protest by this country concerning the Lusitania flag incident.—Central News.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 9.—According to a telegram from Berlin to the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant*, the German newspapers say that if the United States acquiesce in the misuse of the American flag by the Lusitania, it will be impossible for German submarines and other German ships to ascertain whether vessels flying a neutral flag are really neutral or not.—Reuter.

WILHELMINA ARRIVES.

The American steamer *Wilhelmina*, bound from New York to Bremen with grain and other cargo, arrived yesterday at Falmouth.

The captain made for Falmouth of his own free will, no prize crew being aboard, but did not land on arrival.

Whether the cargo has been seized by the British Government has not yet transpired.

Customs officials visited the steamer, which was flying the American flag.

The Foreign Office statement issued by February 4 states that the new German decree makes it evident that all grain and flour is to pass under the control of the German Government.

This creates a novel situation, and it is probable that if the destination and cargo of the *Wilhelmina* are as supposed, the cargo will, if the vessel is intercepted, be submitted to a prize court in order that the new situation created by the German decree may be examined.

TREBIZOND SHELLED BY RUSSIAN CRUISERS.

Turks Claim Black Sea Success—Breslau Damages Shops in Bombardment.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 9.—The following statement was issued here to-day:—

"Yesterday at 7 a.m., while our Fleet was at sea, the coastguards between Sebastopol and Yalta sighted the German cruiser *Breslau*, which fired several shots into Yalta and steamed away."

The German shells damaged four shops and the Hotel de Russie, but no one was hurt.

As a reply to the bombardment of Yalta our cruisers were dispatched to Trebizond, which they bombarded the same day at four in the afternoon, directing their fire on an eight gun battery there.

They also sank an enemy steamer which was lying fully laden in the port.

Near Cape Yeros our ships sank another steamer laden with foodstuffs and a Turkish schooner.—Reuter.

A Constantinople message reports, says the Central News, that the Turkish Fleet shelled Yalta, and that at another port in the Black Sea a Russian ship was sunk.

HELPLESS WIVES SEE HUSBANDS SLAIN.

Huns Gouge Out Men's Eyes and Then Kill Victims with Bayonet.

DRUNKEN ORGY IN SQUARE.

The ruthless sack and destruction of Termonde, accompanied by the murder of many civilians, are described in a further report, issued yesterday, of the Belgian Commission of Inquiry.

Narrating the scenes of pillage that occurred when the Germans entered the town on September 4 last, the report says:—

One company under a captain burst into the offices of the Dender Central Bank, a private company, and searched them from end to end. Soon after a special squad entered the bank and blew open the safe in the room of the manager. Meanwhile General von Bochn was posing for his photograph on the stairs of the town hall!

EPILEPTIC'S FATE IN FLAMES.

Next day (September 5) began the complete destruction of the town by fire, under the direction of a Major von Sommerfeld. The hospital was not spared: it was drenched with petroleum and set alight.

The sick, wounded and old people were carried out; but one epileptic man perished in the blaze. The chapel of the almshouse (*Béguinage*), a building of the late sixteenth century, was set on fire the same day.

On September 4 the Germans had also shelled more than one hour the little village of Appels, though no Belgian force was posted there. A child was killed by a fragment of shrapnel.

Some minutes after the bombardment stopped the Germans entered the place, and set fire to the house of Casimir Laureys, who had been wounded by a splinter from a shell; the wretched man was left to perish in the flames.

Twenty-five people of Lebbeke and St. Gilles were murdered by the Germans on their own lands.

TWELVE TIED TOGETHER.

Twelve men, all of Lebbeke (their names are given) had all taken refuge in the farm of Octave Verhulst; they were tied together and led to the back of the farm, where they were murdered.

Six men of St. Gilles were tied arm to arm and conducted to Lebbeke. The Germans put out their eyes and then killed them with their bayonets. Three others were killed by sabre cuts on the head in the presence of their wives and children.

At St. Gilles a man who had received five bayonet thrusts in the abdomen was tied up (as if crucified) to a door—his right hand bound to the door handle, his left to the bell-pull.

On September 16, about 5.30 p.m., the Germans recommenced to bombard Termonde, and at 7.30 p.m. they entered the town.

That evening the Germans pillaged the cellars of three houses which had escaped the devastations, and all the night the soldiers were keeping up a drinking bout in the square before the linen market.

NEW HOMES IN FRANCE.

(From Our Special Correspondent.) A TOWN IN FRANCE, Feb. 8.—That Germany cannot win is the conviction of every Frenchman with whom I have spoken.

It is a conviction which is expressed not merely in words, but in deeds, for so confident are people that Germany will be beaten that already they are rebuilding their shattered and burnt houses.

In places I visited it seemed strange and premature to see the new bricks and woodwork replacing the blackened and battered houses.

It was in such a place as this that, in October, I met a very old man groping among the ruins of a street at Reims.

He asked me had I seen a watchmaker's shop. A relative had asked the old man to come and see what repairs were necessary to the shop and house.

There was not a single house or shop to be seen standing in the street—only stacks of blackened stones and tottering walls.

I left the old man furtively poking with his stick among the wreckage, looking for some little thing to take back to show that he had found the right place.

TSAR AT THE FRONT.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 9.—The Tsar, continuing his journey along the front of the Russian armies, made a stay at Rovens, in the province of Volynia, and visited the hospital where the Grand-Duchess Olga Alexandrovna is acting as a Sister of Mercy.

His Majesty conversed with the wounded and conferred a number of decorations.—Reuter.

The King has approved of the award of the Polar Medal to the officers and men who took part in the Australasian Antarctic expedition of 1911-14 under the leadership of Sir Douglas Mawson.



There is a war prisoners' agency in Geneva, which will forward parcels to men who have been captured in the fighting. The picture shows a cart leaving one of the depots.—(Underwood and Underwood.)

A LOOKOUT.



British scouts stationed at the edge of a wood near —, in France, ascending to their lookout, which consists of a high tree.

DOES NOT WANT TO FIGHT.



This is Grand Admiral Hans von Koester, who says that the German Fleet must not be lured into an engagement for fear it might be destroyed. He evidently thinks that the German Fleet is not built for fighting, although it may prove very effective as a baby killer, as at Scarborough.

For the Baby

A FREE TRIAL OF A WELL-KNOWN FOOD.

Messrs. Savory and Moore have for some time past offered to send samples of their Food to those who wished to try it, and the results have been so satisfactory, and have brought so many grateful letters from parents who took advantage of the offer, that they have now decided to make a special offer of a FREE sample in order that all may have an opportunity of trying it.

This offer is made in the firm belief that a trial of Savory and Moore's Food will do more than anything else to establish its value. Many parents who are now using it regularly, with the greatest satisfaction, sent for the trial tin to begin with, and finding it suited baby so admirably have continued with it ever since. Savory and Moore's Food often succeeds even after all others have failed, and its good effect is seen almost immediately. Mothers often say they noticed a marked improvement from the very first meal given. This improvement is especially noticeable in the case of delicate infants that fail to thrive on milk and water or ordinary foods.

The sample tin of Savory and Moore's Food now offered is the same size as that hitherto sent, and contains a very generous supply of Food, quite sufficient for a thorough trial. No charge whatever is made for it, but you are asked to send 2d. to cover the cost of postage. If you will fill in the coupon below and send it with 2d. in stamps for postage the Free Trial Tin will be forwarded by return, with full directions.

FREE COUPON

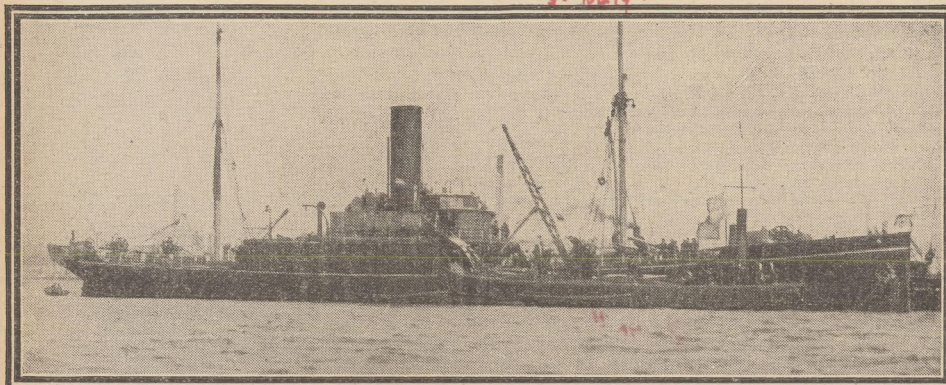
To Savory & Moore Ltd. Chemists to The King, New Bond St. London. Please send me the Free Trial Tin of your food. I enclose 2d. for postage.

Name

Address

D.Mr. 10/2/15.

THE ORIOLE, LONDON STEAMER TORPEDOED BY THE PIRATES.



The Admiralty announces that there is grave reason to fear that the missing steamer Oriole has been torpedoed by a German submarine and the crew of twenty-one lost. This is a photograph of the vessel in the Thames.

LUNTIN MIXTURE



6d. per ounce; 2/- Quarter Pound

THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH.

Manufacturers of the above and also

ALDERWOOD MIXTURE PER OUNCE 5 1/2 d.

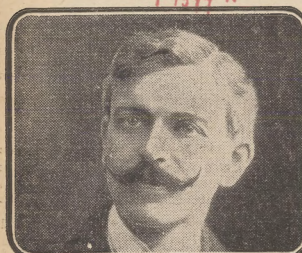
TWO HOURS MIXTURE PER OUNCE 5d.

RECIPE TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

By A SPECIALIST.

A very satisfactory preparation which darkens grey hair and acts as a corrective agent for dandruff and other diseases of the scalp can be made at small expense and in your own home by dissolving a small box of Orlex Compound in 7 ounces of water and then adding an ounce of bay rum and a quarter ounce of glycerine. Any chemist can furnish these ingredients. This is to be applied once a week until the hair is sufficiently darkened, then every two weeks to keep the hair soft and glossy and the scalp in a healthy condition. It may be used with equal success in darkening the beard. This is a preparation that gives splendid results, both as a hair darkener and as a remedy for all scalp disorders, and is well worthy of a trial. You will find it far superior to the ordinary stock preparations and much less expensive.—(Adv't.)

MAIDSTONE M.P.



Commander C. Bellairs, who will be elected unopposed as M.P. for Maidstone in place of Lord Castlereagh.

A LIFE SAVER.



Captain Cyril Fuller, R.N., awarded bronze medal for saving life from a capsized whaler.

MADAME SZE.



Mme. Sze, the wife of the new Chinese Minister to the Court of St. James.—(Russell and Sons.)

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1915.

THE PRISONER'S CURE.

IN ORDINARY TIMES, the Spring criminal season would have begun with the usual brilliancy yesterday: we mean that yesterday began, without the usual brilliancy, the February sessions of the Central Criminal Court. There are a few cases to be tried in connection with the war—cases concerned with false passport declarations and so on. The rest in prospect of trial are fewer than usual, and the other day a magistrate remarked that he had never known so small a crop of cases at his court. We read also that, for the first time in the term of their imprisonment, many convicts are working with enthusiasm, the reason being that they have been allowed to provide kit bags for the Army.

All this reminds us of a remark that the orthodox will call "cynical": "The next worse thing to committing a crime is to repent of it."

How dare we quote such things! But, indeed, what we judge this piece of apparent impudence to mean is simply that it is fatal for men so to brood over their past wrongdoing as to lose the "spring" for better doing in the future. Repentance, let us more mildly put it, might be wiser for being short and sharp: then let Lethe intervene as purification and the mind be diverted altogether to other, clearer matters. A change of scene, a change of mind, a change of ideas—this curative discipline restores the penitent. Get him to think of something else. Get him into a new atmosphere.

Let our criminologists consider, then, the effect of this great national uprising upon crime and upon all the dark corners of dismal prison life. News filters in, or is freely given, and at last those behind the walls have something else to think of—something other than the old penitentiary round of crime and punishment, punishment and crime. Out of that dull round they would never get by treading it: they would never free themselves from the obsession by thinking of it. But now, suddenly hearing of tremendous things doing outside the walls, they are uplifted and mentally freed by them, and for a little, forget the fatal round. The jailer is wise who thus lets the prisoners feel themselves of use during the war.

And as to the few cases in the spring criminal calendar, providing less lively excitement than usual for a public that loves such recitals, what shall we say of that? Let us hope only that it is indicative of another preoccupation, and that it shows that many hundreds of people who might be getting into mischief have better things to do. It is satisfactory to think of, for the moment. But, on the whole, and "under the aspect of eternity," it is not an optimistic reflection—that, when we are at peace, crime is statistically more frequent than in war time, and that the great crime towards our common humanity diminishes the private criminality of individuals. The medicine here is no doubt worse than the disease; but, as we said, it also provides a hint—"Give them something else to think about if you want them to be good." The something else need not always be war.

W. M.

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front. It costs 6d. net, at all newsagents and book-stalls.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Pain and despair and headache cast you down for awhile, but afterwards—they help you to understand.—John Oliver Hobbes.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

MAN'S FRIEND.

BEFORE some of your correspondents quite decide that Nature is cruel, here are a few nuts for them to crack.

Every time we sit down to a meal we partake of wholesome and palatable food, which Nature has prepared for us in many quarters of the globe.

The sun is part of Nature, and were its warmth withdrawn from the earth for a few seconds the immeasurable cold of space would rush in, and all life would cease. That warmth is not withdrawn, and mathematicians assure us that the sun still contains enough heat to support life on the earth for twelve millions of years. Man is also a part of Nature, and man is

"heathenism": it is about time that recognition was given to the fact that all the virtues do not belong exclusively to any religion. I should imagine her friend to be of the Moslem faith. If that be so, the simplicity and intelligence of his conduct will in many ways surpass that of the typical professing Christian.

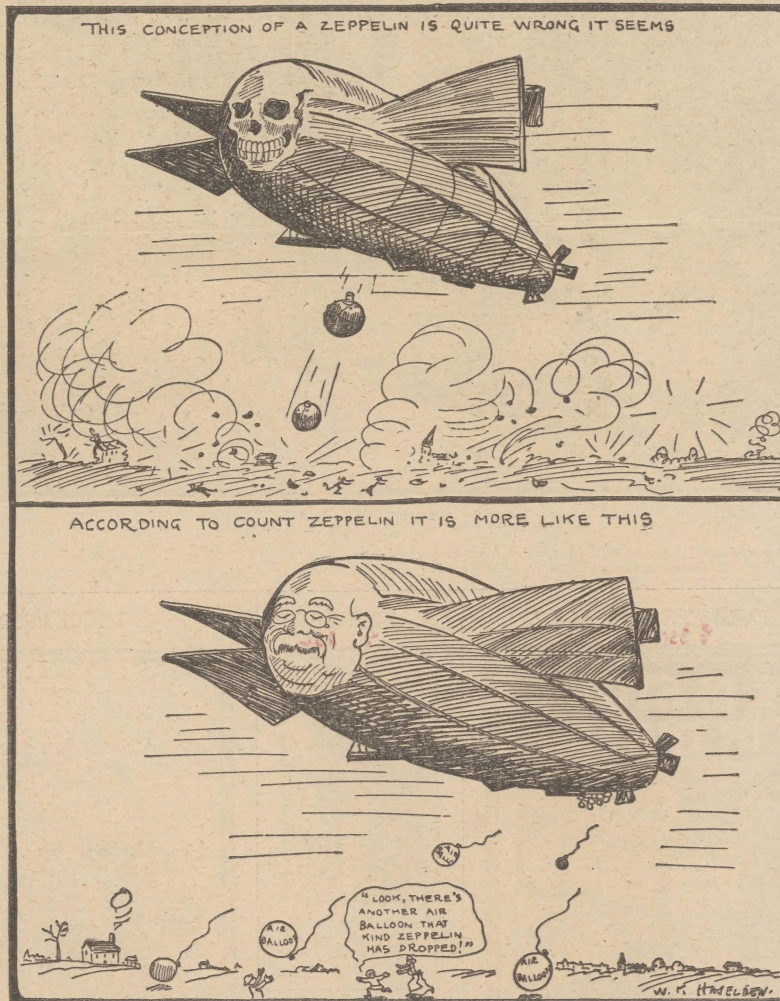
But let "Belinda" find out his views as to what means are justifiable to propagate his faith, and as to the position of women.

UNTARIAN.

THE GOD OF WAR.

MAY I offer a word or two in explanation of my earlier letter on this subject in answer to T. J. Linekar, who has done me the honour of questioning that letter? If I understand him

COUNT ZEPPELIN'S IDEAS ABOUT ZEPPELINS.



He has told America that they never really mean to drop bombs on non-combatants. If they do have to throw out a little ballast occasionally, it is quite harmless. The death's head seems to become a harmless professional countenance as it turns towards the United States with a grin.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

not always cruel. What about the tidal wave of pity for the wrongs of Belgium that has swept round the world?

Those who live under a volcano must be prepared for eruptions, and residents on the banks of a river may expect floods. To those who obey her suggestions, Nature is a friend; the disobedient cannot expect friendship. X. L.

THE MODERN PLAGUE.

NEVER TRY to struggle against influenza. Get to bed at once and remain there for at least a day after the fever has gone.

Struggling against it and wanting to be well too soon are what make influenza sometimes so serious. A VICTIM.

Russell-square, W.C.

"IS HE SAVED?"

"BELINDA" need not grieve over the admission that what makes her Indian friend so much nicer than the average Englishman is his

LOVE IN WAR.

A Frenchman's View of the Question Our Readers Are Discussing.

THE SOLDIER'S COMFORT.

PERHAPS it might interest your readers to know of French opinions about the subject, as in France the strain of war has been greater for the last six months than it has yet been in England.

Laws and regulations make the situation rather different; four million Frenchmen have been called or enlisted, and only very few have been lucky enough to see any of their people since that day. Leaves are totally unknown to soldiers with the armies and nearly totally unknown to men under training. And, too, from the day they joined the colours men cannot get married. So their sweethearts have not to wonder if it would be better or worse to get married.

But that does not mean that all sentimentalism is over. On the contrary, men and women are perhaps more faithful to each other than they would have been in ordinary times, because women want to keep up the heart of their men, and see that they have no mental pain added to physical ones. That explains these words of a girl friend to me a few days ago, when her sweetheart was reported dead: "I had promised him a new photograph of me, but delayed getting it; and now he has died without having it."

As to your correspondent "A. W. S.," I think she must believe her sweetheart right when he wants her to wait till the war is over for getting married, and she must trust him and wait.

If he comes back all right, then both will remember that they thought of each other, and will be more happy. If he is wounded it will cost her some more trouble to get at him in the hospital, but he will be more grateful to her. If he comes back disabled, then she will decide what she must do at the time. And if he does not come back, she will remember that he thought much of her sake and will keep as dear a memory of him as if he had married her on one day's leave.

But, until then, she must remember that a nice letter from her will bring him great relief when in the trenches or waiting eagerly to go there. H. DAUBRAY.
2, Rue Léon Delagrave, Paris.

"HISTORY."

I AM a constant reader of your admirable paper, and should like to offer "History" a piece of advice. It regards neither love nor marriage, so he need have no fear of being enslaved. "It is merely that he should endeavour to deserve the name of 'History' by a further study of the subject which teaches impartiality and encourages an intelligent observance of life. It would be interesting to follow his reasoning in the legend of the Garden of Eden.

Eve offers Adam the forbidden fruit, but this is construed by "History" to show her baneful influence in love and marriage!

Again, that supreme egoist Napoleon was impervious to any influence but that of selfishness or ambition.

Does "History" think that men are never helped by good women, or that his own sex are innocent of exerting an evil influence?

A DEVONSHIRE GIRL.

EXPECTATION.

Now the dead earth, wrapt solemnly, expects the punctual resurrection of the Springs. Shackled and bound, the dead English frost stiffens all rivers, and with eager power hardens each glebe. The wasted country owns the keen despotism of the North; And, with the resignation that obtains Where he is weak and powerless, man awaits Under God's mercy, the dissolvent thaw.

—DAVID GRAY.

IN MY GARDEN.

FIG. 2.—The scillas are a large family of bulbs and give us some beautiful flowers early in the year. Scilla bifolia (from the Taurus mountains) is already in full bloom in a sheltered corner of the rockery, where a mass of its deep blue blossoms forms a delightful picture. The Siberian squill (scilla sibirica) is also appearing, and May will bring us the precious wood hyacinths—blue, white and pink. The latter are valuable bulbs for growing under trees and are delightful flowers for cutting.

B. F. T.

WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN BLENHEIM PALACE HOSPITAL.



A favourite lounge in the Long Library named by the soldiers "The Trenches." The matron, Miss Amy Munn, is seen on the right. "The Trenches" is the most popular resort amongst the convalescent.

A number of wounded non-commissioned officers and men are now being carefully nursed back to health at Blenheim, the historic residence of the Duke of Marlborough, who, while

himself on active service, has taken the greatest personal interest in the welfare of guests. The Palace was named to commemorate a great British victory.



Fishing in the lake, a popular pastime.



Playing football on the great lawn. Even men with crutches like to have an occasional kick.

WILL YOU TAKE THIS SPACE?

**THERE IS STILL
A PLACE IN THE LINE
FOR
YOU**

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR A FIT MAN

Will you fill it?

This is the latest recruiting poster issued by the War Office, who, since the war began, have shown great ingenuity in devising these "Advertisements" for the patriotic public.

A REFUGEE.



Large eagle in Brighton Aquarium rescued from a French town under German fire.

WEDDING.



Sir Ian Colquhoun, of the Scots Guards, to marry Miss Dinah Tennant to-day.

DECORATED HUMORISTS AND HEROES.



These French soldiers were so pleased with themselves that, not content with wearing their war medals, they decorated their uniforms with every little badge, button and favour they could buy in the streets of Paris.

DISAPPEARED AWAY

P. 3227



Lord William Seymour, who disappeared yesterday. He was sixty-six years of age. He retired in 1905.

BOYS WHO LOVE THE BIG DRUM.

P. 6180 E



On Saturday afternoons the village children near the Canadian Highlanders' camp on Salisbury Plain follow the soldiers dressed in uniforms of their own devising. They sing songs and get pennies from the Highlanders.

KHAKI GIRL.

P. 356



A snapshot in Hyde Park. The girl is wearing a khaki-coloured tunic with Scottish plaid skirt. This is a new fashion.

THE HAPPY CAVE DWELLERS.

P. 11911 D



Refugees lived in a cave near the River Aisne for a long time. There were over 240 in number and sought the cave to escape the Jack Johnsons.

HE WAS DEFEATED.

P. 12248



Rear-Admiral Keffer, who was in charge of the German fleet that was defeated by Admiral Beatty in the action off Heligoland in the early days of the war.

MISS DEVONSHIRE.

P. 16985



Miss Allison Ramsay Devonshire, who is marrying Second Lieutenant Frederick Ernest Janson to-day. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Devonshire.

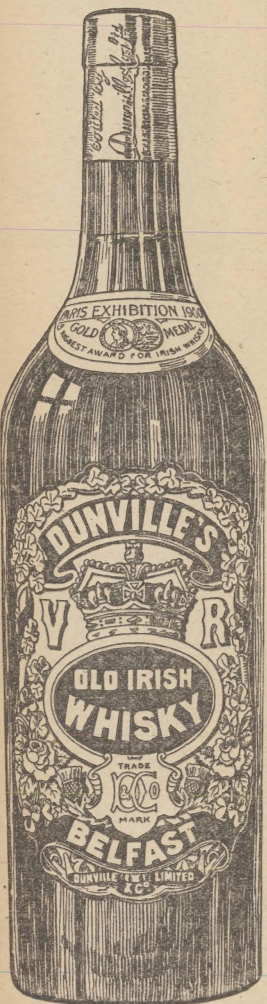
THE CUSTOMS ROOMS HOTEL.

P. 11911 D



The Customs rooms at the Gare du Nord, which have been turned into quarters for refugees. Here the Baroness De Rosen is seen supplying refreshments and also warm clothing for people in distress.

DUNVILLE'S V R WHISKY



Based on analysis:
"BOTTLED BY
DUNVILLE & CO., LTD."
on the Capsule and
Back label.

NONE OTHER
GUARANTEED BEVING.
Do not be Misled by Colorable Imitations
of the LABEL.

May be obtained from all
Wine and Spirit Merchants.

Or write direct for name
of nearest retailer to

DUNVILLE & CO., Ltd.,
Belfast or London.

'I WILL GIVE AWAY 50,000 BOTTLES—FREE' BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, & CONSUMPTION

The Diseases that baffle the Doctors.

"PEOPLE HAVE GONE MAD ON LIQ-U-FRUTA."

"I tried to-day to obtain a bottle of your wonderful remedy 'Liq-u-fruta' in Grimsby and Cleethorpes: at several chemists, including Boots, they all say they have sold out, and several remark that people have gone mad on 'Liq-u-fruta,' and why? Because it is the finest preparation for Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption put upon the market." Extract from a letter from Mr. Williams (Grimsby), Jan. 28, 1915.

BRONCHITIS KILLED 721 PERSONS IN LONDON IN THE FIRST THREE WEEKS THIS YEAR.

—Evening News, Jan. 29.

OVER 100,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will cure your cough, or the cough of your child, husband, wife, son, daughter, or other relative or friend. It will cure any case of Asthma or Bronchitis. It will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of Consumption, and has banished every trace from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced. It is absolutely safe for the day-old baby.

"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

My only son lay at the point of death—the most skilled physicians had done their utmost but unavailingly, for at last my doctor told me nothing more could be done and that I must be prepared for the end.

Then it was that I discovered LIQ-U-FRUTA and cured my only son.

"LIQ-U-FRUTA" miraculously saved his life, and since that date the lives of hundreds of thousands of others. (Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOME.

"Liq-u-fruta" has cured hundreds of thousands of the worst cases of Bronchitis and Asthma—there is no other recorded death from Bronchitis or Asthma when once "Liq-u-fruta" has been administered. Medical aid has utterly failed to grapple with Bronchitis and Asthma—these diseases baffle the doctors, but Mr. Home-Newcome solemnly states his firm and unassailable conviction that had "Liq-u-fruta" been given to the 721 persons referred to above, not one need have perished, but every life might have been saved.

Mr. Blandford, a wounded soldier on furlough, says on Jan. 27—"I was 18 weeks fighting in France and came home wounded." Whilst in hospital for seven weeks he developed "severe bronchitis," and when allowed out on furlough he "was just as bad." He now says: "I have only had half of my third 1s. 11d. bottle of Liq-u-fruta, and feel quite well again and able to return to my duty." He says: "Liq-u-fruta is the soldier's second best friend in the damp trenches. His rifle, of course, is his first best friend."



As supplied to the Household of H.M. The King at Windsor Castle.

The Marvellous "Liq-u-fruta" cure for—
Chronic Asthma of 20 years standing.
Terrible Racking Bronchitis.
Consumption when Sanatoria and Medical treatment had failed.

Blood Spitting Lung Hemorrhage
Tearing Coughs Whooping Cough
Bronchial Catarrh Croup
Pneumonia Nasal Catarrh
Laryngitis Loss of Flesh
Night Sweats Racking Cough

Mr. Douglas, of Glasgow, on Jan. 27, writes:—"My Doctor said that I was suffering from pneumonia, and that I was in a serious condition. After four 1s. 11d. bottles of 'Liq-u-fruta' I am quite myself again and shall start work on Monday, 1st Feb. If I could not buy it cheaper I should not hesitate in giving One Guinea a bottle for 'Liq-u-fruta'."

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

"Liq-u-fruta" is a remedy that never fails. "Liq-u-fruta" is obtainable from all the 555 branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White and Co., and all Chemists or Stores, 1s. 11d., 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d., or direct and post free from Mr. W. Home-Newcome, 604, Camberwell Grove, London, S.E. (Abroad postage extra.)

FREE COUPON
To Mr. W. HOME-NEWCOME,
The Laboratory, 604, Camberwell Grove,
London, S.E.
I enclose 8d. in stamps (abroad 6d.) (for postage and packing) for a test bottle of "LIQ-U-FRUTA." I have not previously had a free bottle.
NAME
ADDRESS

Liq-u-fruta
CURES EVERYTHING
WITH A COUGH IN IT.

The Century Record China Package.



This Famous Package contains 1 Complete Dinner Service for 12 persons, 1 Complete Tea Service for 12 persons, with Free Gift of Teapot to match. Beautiful design. Splendid quality. SECURELY PACKED TO ANY ADDRESS FOR 22/6. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Hundreds of "Daily Mirror" readers supplied and satisfied.

Household and individual orders are our speciality. Every requirement in China, Pottery and Glass at factory prices. Beautiful Tea Services from 5s. Dinner Sets from 9s. Toilet Sets from 8s. Complete Home Outfits from 2s. Beautiful designs shown in actual columns in Complete Free Catalogue. Hundreds of bargains for every home. 30,000 satisfied customers including Royal Household, Buckingham Palace.

Send a Trial Order To-day, or a postcard for the CENTURY COMPLETE CATALOGUE. Illustrated in Actual Colours. POST FREE.

THE CENTURY POTTERY, DEPT. D.M.1, BURSLEM, STAFFS

PRICE OF MILK

The public are hereby notified that there is no increase in the retail price of

NESTLE'S MILK

By Appointment



to H.M. the King.

RHEUMATISM POSITIVELY CURE.

A famous medical man's most successful prescription offered to every sufferer without charge.

So extraordinary has been the success of Mr. Clifford's remedy for Rheumatism and other Uric Acid Complaints, and so anxious was he that all might share the benefit of his treatment, that special steps have now been taken to provide a course of treatment absolutely free for every sufferer. No longer need the torture of Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, etc., be endured, for the remedy now offered will speedily put an end to them all. Cases of many years' standing are being cured every day by Mr. Clifford's Treatment—cases which have defied the efforts of the most eminent physicians of our time, so no reader need hesitate to accept the trial offered especially as it will cost him nothing.

Mr. Clifford's Treatment does not involve the use of messy liniments or any unpleasant drugs, and cannot possibly do harm to the most delicate constitution.

The reason why this remedy is never failing success is that it goes right to the root of the trouble, acting directly upon the uric acid deposits, and making it impossible for them to remain longer in the system. As every sufferer probably knows, it is these poisonous deposits that set up the pain, and which, if not removed, will follow the sufferer wherever he goes, and the unspeakable blessing of good health may now be yours—good health with all that it means in the way of freedom, enjoyment of the pleasures of life, and the ability to do one's work well and without effort. This treatment may be positively dependent upon to do it for you, because it has been tried in some thousands of cases and has never been known to fail. Whether your present trouble is the result of uric acid to damp and cold, improper feeding, hereditary predisposition, or any other cause, speedy relief is certain to be secured if you obtain Mr. Clifford's Treatment.

As the demand for these free treatments is sure to be large, application should be made immediately to avoid disappointment. Just write your name and full address clearly, and enclose three penny stamps to cover cost of postage. Address your letter to

Mr. J. C. CLIFFORD, CLIFFORD,

46, BERWICK STREET, LONDON, W.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS—Mdes. Delysia, Hanaka, Slim, Carroll, Ballour, Messrs. Playfair, Morton, and others.

Revue, "ODDS AND ENDS" at 9. Preceded by Hanaka in "Odds" at 8.30. Mat. Thurs. 8.15. Sat. 8.15.

APOLLO.—2.30 and 8.30. Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY presents A BUSY DAY, by R. C. Carlson.

At 2 and 8.30. Chas. Cort, Matinee, 2.15. Sat. 8.15.

ARE YOU A MASON? COMEDY. 2.30 and 8.30. MAT. WEBS. SATS. at 3.

Preceded, at 2.30 and 8.30, by Mr. Ernest Hastings.

DOLBY'S, Leicester-square, at 2.30 and 8.30. Mat. Weds. and Sat. at 2. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Production, A COUNTRY SLEEPING BEAUTY (Special Reduced Prices).

DURRY LANE. SLEEPING BEAUTY. SUNDAY. To-day, 1.30 and 7.30. Mat. Weds. and Sat. 1.30. George Graves, Wilfrid Moberg, and others.

Box-office open, 10 to 10. Gerard 2588.

DUKE OF YORK'S. To-day, at 2 o'clock, CHARLES PROFFMAN presents PETER PANDA, by Barrie. 11th Year. MATINEES EVERY DAY, at 2, and THURSDAY and SATURDAY EVENING, at 8.

GARRICK. At 2.30 and 8.30. THE GIRL IN THE TAXI. Miss YVONNE ARNAUD as "Suzanne."

Mat. Weds. Thurs. Sat. at 2.30. Gerard 9513.

GLOBE.—To-day, 2.30, Evng. 8.15. Mat. Wed. Sat. 2.30. Miss LAURETTE BROWN as "MY HEART."

HAYMARKET. 2.30 and 8. THE FLAG LIEUTENANT. ALLAN AYNESWORTH, ELLIS JEFFREYS, GORDON STABLE, Mat. Weds. Thurs. Sat. 1.15 to 6.15. HIS MAJESTY'S. DAVID COPPERFIELD.

To-day, at 2 and 8. Matinee, Weds. Feb. 18 and 25. HERBERT TREE.

ROYALTY. THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME. To-night, at 8.15. MAT. THURS. SATS. at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S. KINGS AND QUEENS. A New Play, by Rudolph Beiler. To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

Matinee, Weds. Sat. at 2.50. Box-office, Cor. 3905.

SCALA.—KINEMACOLOR. TWICE DAILY 2.30 and 7.30. WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE.

ANIMATED WAR MAPS. LAND AND SEA BATTLES. SHAFTESBURY. To-day, at 2 and 8.

Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s. MATS. WEBS. SATS. at 2.

STRAND THEATRE. MISTRESS WILFUL. To-day, at 2.30. To-night, at 8.

JULIA NEILSON, and FRED TERRY. Matinee, Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Tel. 3600.

ALHAMBRA.—THE ALHAMBRA REVUE. (Including Robert Hall.) To-day, 2.30. Tel. 3600.

Varieties, 2.30. Revue, 8.30. Mat. Saturdays, 2.30.

HIPPODROME.—DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30. BUSINESS AS USUAL. To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. (Special Reduced Prices.)

TINE SILVER. HARRY TATE, MORRIS HARVEY, GEORGE THOMAS, FRED LESTER.

PALACE.—Christmas Version of THE PASSING SHOW (last 2 weeks), with Brunsby Williams, Basil Hallam, Helen Keys, Geraldine Broder, and others.

Sydney (new songs, new songs, Tableau, "Le Reve") and Dorothy Varick and 10.50. Passing Show, 8.30. MATINEES WED. and SAT. at 2.

PALLADIUM. 6.10 and 9. Mon., Wed. and Sat. 2.30. 4.10 and 9. EVIE GREENE, HENRY HING, COLETTA POTNDS and CO. WOODWARD'S SEALS, T. E. DUNN, and MAY MOORE. MAY MOORE. MAY MOORE.

MASKELINE and DEVA'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall, W.—DAILY, at 2.30 and 7.30. Seats, 1s. to 5s. CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS and SAILORS. CRUFT'S DOG SHOW.

To-day, THE "DOG DAYS" of 1915.

CRUFT'S DOG SHOW OPENS To-day (Wednesday). Admission to judging, 2s. 6d. To-day, 2.30 and 7.30. After 6 o'clock, 6d. FRIDAY (Show closes at 6 p.m.), 1s. AGRICULTURAL HILL, LONDON. 10.50. Sanitas disinfectant, Spratt's Bench and Feed.

PERSONAL. HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st., W.

MISCELLANEOUS. CORNS Destroyed in 5 days by Needham's Corn Silk, 7d. (Needham's 277, Edgeware-st., London, W.) RHEUMATISM.—Send 1s. for "Cayley," the great Rheumatic Cure—Cayley Company, 159, Balham Hill, S.W.

JUST LIKE OTHER MEN

The Cross Currents of a Girl's Love.

By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD



"She is a woman, therefore may be won."

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

JEAN DELAVAL, a charming, clear-headed, sincere girl of twenty-four.

LIONEL CRAVEN, a straightforward young Englishman of twenty-eight.

ASHLEY CRESWICK, his half-brother. He is a moneylender.

FAY CRESWICK, Ashley's wife. A shrewd, hard scheming woman.

DEREK TRENCH, Lionel Craven's friend and partner.

LIONEL CRAVEN, on board a liner coming over from South Africa, is day-dreaming about a girl on board who interests him profoundly.

His day-dreams are interrupted by Derek Trench. "I've found out all about her," he says excitedly. "Her name is Jean Delaval. She is a governess to the Hepstons and has refused an offer of marriage from young Hepstons, who is heir to millions. She is coming back to her father, who is very ill."

Lionel Craven tells Derek that he has fallen wholeheartedly in love with the girl. Derek Trench conspires to introduce them.

At first Jean Delaval cannot make Lionel Craven out. It seems to her that he is making friends too quickly—that he holds her friendship too cheaply.

Lionel eventually convinces Jean Delaval of his sincerity. One night he asks Jean Delaval to marry him. He pleads passionately, and the girl knows that in him she has met the man amongst all men for her, finally consents.

They are forced to say good-bye to each other at Southampton for a time.

Lionel goes straight to Ashley Creswick in Kensington. Lionel tries to borrow £5,000 from him for business purposes, but meets with a rebuff.

Ashley Creswick confesses to his wife that he has robbed Lionel of his inheritance. He thinks it better to get him out of the country again. He adds that the only one who knows about the will is a bedridden old man named Delaval, who has a daughter named Jean.

As they are talking Miss Delaval calls to see Mr. Creswick. The situation is a critical one, but by clever manoeuvring Fay gets Lionel into another room. She learns from him with a shock that he is engaged to a Miss Jean Delaval.

In a heated interview with Creswick Jean promises to pay off her father's debt in a month. After writing to Lionel and breaking off the engagement she enables to young Hepstons saying that she will marry him if he will lend her £5,000 for a month.

One day when Fay is out a man speaks to her. To her horror, she recognises her first husband, Paul Schroder, whom she thought dead. He leaves her with a threat.

Lightened as she is, she does not forget that she must get Lionel out of the country, and so she tells him that Jean has returned to South Africa. He believes it, and books a passage back.

Returning to his brother, he finds a girl standing by his private safe. He cannot mistake her. "You, Jean!" he cries.

She tells him amongst other things, that it is quite untrue about her ever wanting to go back to South Africa. He is called out of the room for a moment, and when he returns Jean has vanished.

Trench finds out that the Creswicks are playing a double game, and tells Lionel to pretend that he is going to Africa. Believing this, Ashley gives them the cheque for £5,000. Lionel and Derek go off to Southampton, ostensibly for Africa, but really for the purpose of seeking out Jean.

Lionel sees her again after Derek has told her that Lionel has the money for her. Lionel spoils everything by saying that it is really Derek's sacrifice, as the money was for his business.

LIONEL HEARS SOMETHING.

ALTHOUGH she never would have confessed even to herself that she could have been brought to permit Lionel to take Piet Hepstons' place as her father's deliverer, it was the measure of the unconscious hopes she had begun to build on Derek Trench's tidings, that the truth when it came struck her with the force of a blow.

Lionel looked in amazement at the rapid change which had come over her. A moment ago the barrier between them seemed to be crumbling down, but now it was unexpectedly restored. It gave him the undefined impression of a door opened, reluctantly certainly, but wider and wider, slamming suddenly in his face.

He might have known what was the matter if he had considered that he had been so long away that he had forgotten the meaning of fact. It seemed quite natural and right to disclaim her praise of his generosity and to deprecate the expression of her gratitude.

It was only for an instant that he pointed out who was her real benefactor. He had a clear appreciation of Derek's nobility of soul and he was anxious for Jean to share it.

"Don't you think it's kind of him?" he asked. "Of course," Jean answered, but her voice sounded far away. She had drawn herself up rigidly. "Shall we turn back?" she went on. "I begin to feel cold."

"Oh, I am sorry I didn't think." Lionel was profuse in his concern—perhaps he clutched at her complaint as the real reason for the alteration in her—and he pulled her fur higher round her neck. As they turned back the way they had come he slipped his arm through hers, but met with no response.

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

Insensibly Jean quickened her pace. Perhaps it was intentional, having for its object the ending of a discussion which had become impossible; perhaps some instinct told her what an antidote to an emotional scene is a brisk walk. Steps dawdle when they climb the slopes of a passionate climax, and when the summit is reached they stop altogether.

So it had been a moment ago; so it should not be again if Jean could by any possibility avoid it.

Lionel, too, felt something of the inner meaning of her haste. It seemed to him that he had like another flight to make him feel altogether easy in his mind.

"How have I offended you?" he asked.

"You haven't," she murmured.

She spoke so quietly that he had to bend his head towards her to hear the words.

"Oh, I have said something or done something to upset you. I know I'm clumsy. I'm always putting my foot in it. If I've offended you."

"I said you hadn't. Oh, Lionel, how do you think I can be offended when you are offering to do so much?"

"Not I. It's Trench."

"And Mr. Trench. You think I'm ungrateful; that I don't appreciate things like this. If you knew human nature better you'd know that you can heap such obligations on people that instead of gratitude to you they only feel hatred of themselves."

"I don't know human nature," said Lionel, bluntly. "You are so clever and I'm such a fool. I'm a simple sort of fellow; I only know that when a man loves a woman as I love you he wants to give up everything for her. He's not only willing to give up himself, but he'll sacrifice his friends."

"I know," she said. Her voice had grown very tender. "You think I don't understand, but I do. I know what all this means to you, and the hardest part of it is that I know what you don't think of me. But can't you place yourself in my position for a minute?"

"I try."

"If you tried you must see how hard it is for me to explain things. Lionel dear," she went on, "I know," she said. Her voice had grown very tender. "You think I don't understand, but I do. I know what all this means to you, and the hardest part of it is that I know what you don't think of me. But can't you place yourself in my position for a minute?"

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"I try."

Lionel, even in his first fierce resentment at the new development.

"To see you promise me?" he began.

"To see you again? Yes, I promise to-morrow, if you like. Here, at the same time. I shall take no steps till then. Talk it over with Mr. Trench; he knows even more than you, and I think he understands me better. Let me go now, Lionel."

"I can see you to your door."

"No, no," she said quickly. She saw by the flash of jealousy in his eye what she suspected, but in her burning anxiety to have her own words she risked that, and wrenched herself free from the grasp which still held her arm.

She turned and ran. Lionel stood there and watched her till she was out of sight. Whatever suspicions he had of her reason for not wishing him to come to her door, he was above following her, and he turned back towards his own hotel.

He saw before him a vision of a long talk with Derek, reaching far into the small hours of the morning, but he was disappointed. Derek had gone. He had paid his bill and left half an hour before, the porter said, and there was a note from Mr. Craven in his bedroom.

Dear Lionel (the note said).—Having left you safely together there doesn't seem any necessity for me to hang about here any longer, especially as it looks precious like my mooning about alone all day to-morrow. I know what you lovers are.

"I shall call on the Creswicks to-morrow, and on Monday morning I shall open the account with the Bank of Africa. Best luck, old man.—Yours, DEREK."

CRESWICK'S DISCOVERY.

DEREK TRENCH kept his promise made to Lionel, and the Sunday afternoon saw him wending his way from the hotel in Bloomsbury to Ashley Creswick's house in Kensington.

He did not know whether Sunday was a convenient day for calling on such people, but he knew the importance of wasting no time in clenching their belief that Lionel had sailed.

There was this great difference between him and his friend, that although in their different ways they were both the straightest of men, Trench had no gleam of hesitation in preparing himself for what he mentally termed the coming "orgy of lying."

The Creswicks were at home. Derek asked for Mr. Creswick, but it was Fay who received him.

"Well, that's cleared up now, isn't it?" Jean shook her head with a slow, sad smile. "I'm afraid it's not," she said with a little sigh. "But we've brought the money down with us. You can send it off to my brother to-morrow if you like."

"How can I?" She spoke the words with sudden energy, as if she had been roused with the spirit of the moment. "How can I?" she repeated.

"How can I accept the money which was to start you and Mr. Trench in business? You should not have asked him such a thing."

"But it was his suggestion. He'll be awfully cut up if you don't take it, you know. Besides, what are you going to do?"

"Don't ask me."

Her reply seemed to break from her as if it were a desperate control and the bitterness and utter hopelessness of it brought Lionel to a dead stand.

"What do you mean?" he said, with a deep frown between his eyes. "What are you going to do if you don't take this money?"

Jean made no reply.

"You don't mean—you are going to get it from someone else?"

"Oh, don't Lionel! You are hurting my arm."

"I'm going to have an answer," he said, fiercely. "Are you asking another man for that money?"

She nodded. She tried to speak but the words would not come.

"Who is it?" Lionel demanded.

"Oh, don't worry me to-night!" Jean pleaded.

"Can't you see I am half-distracted? Can't you understand I want time to think? My father ill, perhaps dying; your brother threatening to ruin us, and I perhaps losing all I care for in the world. Oh, Lionel, don't be cruel! Have some mercy on me. Let me go to-night—I won't run away again, I promise you."

"I must think. I can't choose between two such horrible alternatives unless you give me time."

She poured out her entreaty in a rapid torrent of words, and her obvious distress softened

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No Money or Stamps to Send.

Swollen ankles and veins which throb, fiery itching, eczema, causing agony, ulcers and wounds which will not heal, skin all purple and black, are caused by poison in your blood. Send at once to Hood's (Room M.B.20), 34, Snowhill, London, for Week's Free Treatment of Hood's Medicine, the great herbal blood remedy, which in 2 years has a record of 40,000 cures. It clears the poison right out of the blood, and thus we guarantee an absolute cure. No pestering letters sent out urging you to order or names published. (Adv't.)

"Ashley's busy with his accounts," she said. "He has a horrible habit of working all the seven days of the week, but he'll be in presently for a cup of tea. So you've seen the poor benighted lover on his travels?"

"Yes," answered Derek cheerfully. "He went off in the best of spirits."

He looked her straight in the face with the most honest of smiles. He could hardly help noticing the anxious agitation in the glance of inquiry she turned on him. He took it as a token of some suspicion of the game they were playing and he redoubled his efforts to set her mind at ease.

"I thought you would be glad to know," he said.

"Thanks so much," she answered sweetly.

"He's such an erratic boy that I shouldn't have been surprised to see him come back last night, but I guessed when he didn't return that he had kept his infatuated resolution."

"Well, I tried my best to dissuade him," Derek said, speaking the truth for once. "It's left me horribly in the lurch."

"Perhaps you have never been in love, Mr. Trench?"

Derek laughed. "If that's the way it takes a man, Mrs. Creswick," he replied, "may I be preserved!"

They talked for a while on safer topics. Derek had drifted on to the subject of South Africa. He was conscious he was boring the woman who pretended to listen, but he rambled on, seeking vainly for a clue to the expression of rigid anxiety he observed on her face.

She gave him the idea she was straining her ears to catch something that was going on in another part of the house, and he could not conceive what it was.

As a matter of fact, now that Lionel's affair had been settled Fay was suffering an agony of torture over the more serious danger of Paul Schroder. She had not yet recovered from the panic into which she had fallen on hearing Derek's ring at the bell, and, while she talked and listened, her heart was beating audibly in her ears.

The tension was relieved presently by Ashley's entrance. He seemed surprised to see his visitor, but when the first astonishment was over he was courteous itself.

"The very man I wanted to see," he said, cheerfully. "There was so much worry over Lionel's departure that after he had gone a dozen questions cropped up in my mind."

"About what?" asked Derek.

"About this cotton business," replied Ashley. "I have got quite interested in it. Have been reading the subject up since I saw you, and although I don't think I believed in at first, it seems to me there may be quite a future for it on the east coast of Africa."

"There's no doubt about that," Derek replied. "I've been convinced of it from the first."

"Well, let's have a cup of tea," Ashley said, (Continued on page 11.)

SELLING TO-DAY.

These Children's Patterns Free

Here are two sensible styles—any mother can make them at home—there's hardly any work to do—and even if you don't know much about making children's clothes, you can make these, because the patterns are very simple to put together; the directions given tell you exactly how to make them; and the diagrams show you clearly how to cut your material; so that you can't very well go wrong. Both patterns are inside to-day's

MOTHER & HOME 1d.

P.S. MOTHER & HOME is going to give away these splendid Free Patterns for the children. You should buy the paper regularly so as not to miss any of these easy patterns.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

The Entente Matinee.

What a wonderful performance and gathering at His Majesty's for the Entente Matinée! King Manoel and the Duc d'Orléans shared a box. They seemed very happy and cheerful, too, as did Queen Victoria Augusta and Queen Amelia. The Duke stood, almost, one might say, at the salute, as the orchestra crashed out the Marseillaise.

In the Audience.

The Grand Duke-Michael of Russia was there with his beautiful daughters. And how very solemn all the Russians looked when the hymn-like Russian National Anthem was played! Lady Randolph Churchill and Lady Desborough were in the audience, and all the Ambassadors.

Programme Sellers.

Miss Eva Moore told me she had never done a brisker trade in programmes. And she was not alone. Miss Lydia Bilbrooke, Miss Hilda Moore and Miss Margaret Halstan were tremendously busy. I was glad to see Sir John Hare busying himself in every part of the theatre.

Miss Dinah Tennant's Wedding.

The Prime Minister has promised his niece, Miss Dinah Tennant, that he will do his best to find time to attend her wedding this afternoon at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, I hear. The bridegroom, Sir Ian Colquhoun, is one of many baronets in the Scots Guards, and he is chief of the Clan Colquhoun. There will be a large gathering of well-known people, including Lord Ribblesdale, Lord and Lady Glenconner, Lord and Lady Wemyss, Mr. and Mrs. John Tennant, Lord and Lady Gladstone, Lord and Lady Rayleigh and Lady Lovat. The bride will be given away by her father.



Miss Dinah Tennant.

fair gossip tells me, for she is wearing a white satin and net dress and a long white veil, but in place of the orange-blossom wreath she will have one of pink roses.

An Echo of the Past.

Apparently the Falkland Islands affair was not Admiral Sturdee's first little argument with the Germans. Just sixteen years ago next week, in the issue of February 18, 1899, that pleasant weekly journal *Black and White*, which died not so long ago, published this paragraph. I came across it in an old cutting yesterday.

At Their Old Games.

"Our Navy can always be depended on," it reads, "to turn out men of sterling courage and straightforward dealing, and Captain Sturdee is no exception to the rule. The Germans are credited with some very underhand dealings at Manila, and seem to have tried the same game at Samoa. Captain Sturdee, however, is not the man to put up with such intrigues, and after issuing a proclamation declaring that if the Germans or natives interfered with the constituted authority he would fire on the town, and the German cruiser Falke, cleared his ship for action.

Still Teaching 'Em.

"Then, in answer to the German demand for an explanation, he told the captain of the Falke to go to Hades—and a very proper remark it was. The effect of this strong language was excellent. . . . The authority of Chief Justice Chambers was maintained, and the Germans learned to entertain a very wholesome respect for British methods. Well done, Captain Sturdee!" Captain Sturdee is an admiral now, but he is still teaching the Germans to entertain a very wholesome respect for the British.

Recruiting Posters in Welsh.

The Parliamentary Recruiting Committee, which is responsible for those fine recruiting posters which we see everywhere, has just issued a new series, five posters being printed in the Welsh language. The committee has sent me an interesting summary of its work up to date, and it asks me to state that supplies of posters will be sent to applicants who will guarantee that the bills will be usefully displayed.

Stella the Lark.

The new programme at the Empire is splendid in its variety. On Monday night a wonderful welcome awaited Stella the Lark, the little British girl with a voice that has an even scale of three octaves ending on G in alt, a note remarkable in its purity. Stella was obviously nervous when she faced the ranks of fashion in the Empire stalls, but she sang three songs and was recalled again and again.

Christmas Carols.

The story of Stella is a real romance of the stage. She was a little Holloway Board School child who went carol singing at Christmas to be able to get her mother a Christmas present. She chanced to sing at the doorway of



Miss Stella Carol.

Mme. Amy Sherwin, who was astonished to hear a phenomenal voice singing in the street. She took the child up and gave her a musical education. Her real name is Stella Carol, but Princess Alexander of Teck called her Stella the Lark. . . . So the Lark she remains, a British lark that carols in the Empire.

Belgian Dogs.

I looked in at the Brussels Griffon Dog Show at Knightsbridge yesterday. I had an interesting chat with Mrs. Frank Pearce, the judge, who, twenty years ago, was one of the first women to introduce these funny little animals into Great Britain from Belgium. "Hardly anybody in this country had seen griffons at that time," she said. "To-day they are among the most popular toy dogs we have."

Like Luxury.

Judging by the delicate little creatures in the cages, the griffon (unlike his big brother who drags about heavy vehicles in the streets of Brussels) is a great lover of luxury, and certainly thrives on it. I saw several women brushing the hair and whiskers of their pets with little silver-backed hair brushes, while they were feeding them on such trifles as minced chicken and other dainties.

"Not Being Used to It."

In my post yesterday was this amusing letter from a "Tommy" at the front. "Just a line thanking you very much for football which I received on the 27th, and when I opened it the boys nearly went mad over it. The first match we played was with the Indians, and they not being used to football got hold of the ball and ran and threw it in the goal. . . . Just before the close of the game an Indian jumped on the ball as he was running, and that put the finishing touch to the game—it 'busted' the ball."

"Tommy" Wants More.

However, "Tommy" seems to think he can mend the ball, and he says that everyone had a glorious two hours. He doesn't grumble. And I want lots more footballs for men like that. Our total is climbing slowly: it is a grand one. We shall reach the 2,000 mark before very long. But "Tommy" wants more than we have to supply. So help, please. The men in the trenches are asking you to send them footballs, don't disappoint them.

A Pessimist.

Mr. Asquith would no doubt be surprised to find he had said the war would last twenty years, but there's at least one stolid German who thinks he did. "A number of Englishmen," says the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, "who were on their way to the concentration camp at Rubleben were kept for a few days in a ship in the port of Hamburg. Becoming impatient, one of them asked the captain, 'How long are we to stop here?' 'Twenty years,' Asquith says, 'was the reply.'"

The Late Mr. Dutton.

In common with many other people, I heard with deep regret of the death of Mr. T. Duerdin Dutton, the Westminster lawyer. Mr. Dutton was a fascinating figure in the legal world. His practice was almost entirely in the criminal courts, and he defended in some of the most famous crime cases of the past forty years. As I knew him he was a benevolent-looking old gentleman, with a silvery voice and silvery hair. He generally wore grey country clothes and a vivid red tie.

Little Dogs and Big Crimes.

He was a great judge and lover of dogs, and that private office or sitting-room of his in Rochester-row, the cabinet of many terrible secrets, was always littered with small, long-eared, fluffy dogs, who used to snap at the clients. It was a strange contrast to see Mr. Dutton benignly stroking a lapful of little dogs while with an almost dental precision he drew dreadful truths from his clients. "I must know all the truth or I cannot help you," was always his formula.

Defended "Lefroy."

Amongst the clients of Mr. Dutton was that vainest of murderers, the man who called himself Lefroy. He it was who shot Mr. Gold for his watch and chain on the Brighton railway. "Lefroy" was a clever lyric writer, and for a time used to write the Croydon pantomimes. His vanity was incurable. When he was on trial for his life he had the nerve to pose in the dock for some artists who were in court. How his unhappy shade must regret this trial take place before the era of photographic journalism.

Bisley Does Tell.

In those days before the war we used to have lots of funny notions and theories. One of them I have often heard discussed was whether shooting at Bisley really did make for the real practical marksmanship some people said it did. I have heard men who ought to know declare that range shooting skill would be of no use in the field. This theory anyhow is refuted in a letter which a Finchley reader sent me yesterday.

Lance-Corporal Fulton.

It contains a most interesting account, just received from the front, of one of the achievements of Lance-Corporal A. G. Fulton, the crack rifle shot, who won the King's Prize at Bisley two years ago. I will quote direct from the letter, written by one of Fulton's comrades in the Queen's Westminsters.



Lance-Corporal Fulton.

Sniped. The men in the trenches had been much worried by a German sniper. The colonel of the next regiment when he learnt who we were asked if Fulton, the King's Prize man, was with us. On learning that he was, he consulted our colonel and they asked Fulton if he would go out and have a shot at the sniper, who was in a farmhouse about 700 or 800 yards away. Well, he did, accompanied by four of us.

Smashed the Window. We crept across fields, in ditches, behind what hedges there were, and got a position about 400 yards away from the farmhouse. . . . and waited. More than half an hour passed with no sign of life, when through the glasses I spotted the sniper at an upper window, and Fulton had one shot only. The window was smashed, but, of course, we could not see what happened to the sniper. Then we hurried back. Of course, Fulton was congratulated, but most of our lot were disappointed that we could not say definitely that we had hit the sniper.

A Hit.

"Now comes the most interesting part. That night nine of us were out on patrol duty, and we got quite close to the farmhouse and decided to inspect it. We scattered and crept up to it—the most nerve-trying job I have ever undertaken. Well, we entered at last, and there was no one there. Then we went upstairs and found Fulton had got the sniper all right. He was an officer, and he had stores and ammunition there to last about a month. . . . So it seems that Bisley is of some use, after all. Fulton's fine shot probably saved dozens of our men's lives."

THE RAMBLER.

CREME TOKALON

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The Complexion Cream that is ENTIRELY DIFFERENT.

If you have not yet used it a Pleasant Surprise awaits You.

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Creme Tokalon is absolutely non-greasy and unequalled for nourishing and rejuvenating loose, lifeless, dried-out, sagging or wrinkled skin, also for preventing wrinkles, removing complexion blemishes and building up sunken tissues. It contains pre-digested dairy cream, purest olive oil, and other valuable ingredients which give it true tissue-forming qualities.

It does not tetter, rancid nor dry out. Its odour is of exquisitely delicate fragrance.

It renders face powder adherent and invisible.

It never irritates the skin, and cannot promote growth of superfluous hair. It imparts smoothness and fineness of texture to the coarsest of skins.

It is always delightfully soothing, refreshing and skin protecting.

A GENUINE IMPORTED PARISIAN COMPLEXION CREAM AT MODERATE COST.

Creme Tokalon is of exceptional purity, and serves all the purposes of an ideal complexion beautifier. Warranted absolutely harmless to the most delicate and sensitive skins.

Price at all chemists, 1/3. Large size, 2/-.

GUARANTEE. Every dealer is authorized to refund your money immediately if you are not thoroughly pleased with any Tokalon product.

POUDRE TOKALON

(Les Fascinations de Tokalon.)

The Fairest and Best Complexion Powder.

Be sure to use powder of a tint which exactly suits your complexion or it will always show and give you a "made-up" appearance. Also, do not use a powder containing pearl white and bismuth, nor starchy substances, which clog the pores and swell on contact with the moisture, thus producing ugly enlarged pores.

FREE TRIAL.—A Liberal trial supply also of Poudre Tokalon in various shades will be sent to you on request, on receipt of two 10-ny stamps for postage.

TOKALON LIMITED
(Dept. 62, 214, Great Portland St. London, W.)

Marcovitch's 'Con Amore'

AND

His Majesty's Forces.

How we are doing a little bit for our Soldiers.

We have produced at great expense the crests and badges of His Majesty's Army in the famous "Con Amore" Cigarettes. We are not going to praise their fine quality, as everyone knows, but we are going to leave that to our smokers.

The name of Marcovitch, the well-known tobacco connoisseur, is sufficient guarantee. We have made our reputation by giving good value, and this announcement in the paper has the object of giving our soldiers a treat. What is more acceptable, or what would give more pleasure than a box of "Con Amore" Cigarettes, every cigarette as well as the box bearing the actual badge of the regiment the recipient belongs to.

Fancy being able, when meeting a friend, say, in the London Scottish, to take out your cigarette case and offer him a cigarette with the crest of his own regiment on it.

If you have a friend, brother, father or fiancé serving His Majesty's Forces, either at home or abroad, give him a box of cigarettes with the badge of his regiment, and you will all how pleased he will be with it.

"Con Amore" Cigarettes are obtainable from all the leading tobacconists and stores, and are to be had in Egyptian Blend, Turkish or Virginia, at the following prices:—

Egyptian Blend, 7s. 6d. per 100. Turkish, 7s. per 100. Virginia, 8s. per 100.

Cigarettes of the following regiments now ready:—

R.A.C. LONDON SCOTTISH. ROYAL ARTILLERY. ROYAL ENGINEERS. ROYAL FLYING CORPS.

Others being prepared. If you have any difficulty in obtaining them from your local tobacconist or store, write direct to Messrs. Marcovitch and Co., Ltd., 13, Regent-street, London, S.W. and per return you will receive a box of cigarettes.

NOTE.—Specify terms to messes and headquarters.

Just Like Other Men

(Continued from page 9.)

"then we'll go down to the library and talk. You're not in a hurry?"

Derek looked at his watch. "Well, I can give you a couple of hours," he said.

"More than enough," Ashley replied, "though I hoped you would have stayed to dinner with us."

Derek excused himself gracefully. They had tea, and Ashley, taking Lionel's friend by the arm, led him downstairs, talking.

The questions were soon put and answered, and presently Derek rose to go.

"Oh, by the by," Ashley said. "About that cheque. You didn't let Lionel take it with him?"

Derek took out his notebook from his pocket and showed Ashley the draft he had signed. "You see," he said, "I've got his signature. I shall add mine and negotiate it to-morrow at the Bank of Africa."

He failed to notice two little slips of paper which fluttered to the floor as he had taken the notebook from his pocket. Ashley picked them up after he had gone. He took them up to Fay.

"What do you think of these?" he said, his face scowling heavily.

"What are they?" she asked.

"Two chair tickets at Folkestone, dated yesterday."

Another long instalment to-morrow.

'JUST LIKE A SCHOOLBOY.'

How Admiral Jellicoe Keeps Fit by Playing Ball on the Iron Duke.

How Sir John Jellicoe keeps fit on the Iron Duke is told by a gunner on the admiral's flagship.

"He's just like a schoolboy," says the gunner, "and when he wants a little exercise, but not of too strenuous a character, he comes on deck and plays ball with one of his staff. The ball goes whizzing backwards and forwards for a considerable time."

"When in need of more rousing exercise he engages in a running competition round the deck."

Here is an amusing incident of life on the Iron Duke.

On dark and cold nights hot coffee is served out to the men on the night watches. The coffee goes by the name of "ki," and is carried round by the "ki-boy."

When walking along the deck one night the "ki-boy" thought he saw one of the night watch, but met no one. After he had walked a little further he found he was near a man. He accosted him with, "Any 'ki'?"

The man answered, "Who are you?" "Ki-boy," came the ready reply from this purveyor of the coffee.

"No, I don't want any," came the reply. At this the boy was a little hurt, and said, "All right, go without."

Later the "ki-boy" found he had been addressing Admiral Jellicoe.

GRIFFON'S COMIC WHISKERS.

More than 200 Brussels griffons—dainty little Belgian toy dogs, something like a pug and Pekingese combined—were on show yesterday at Ward's Riding School, Knightsbridge.

The griffon is the friendliest of little creatures, with black, bright eyes, short, snub nose, a little mouth, revealing a tiny row of white teeth, and a comical fringe of whiskers round its face.

One of the aristocrats of the show, who did not compete, was Diddie, the property of Mrs. Allison. He loves fruit, and nearly every night has a whole banana before going to bed.

NEWS ITEMS.

Huns Afraid of Wireless?

Wireless telegraphy in Germany, says the Central News, has been prohibited.

State Takes Over Liquor Trade.

The Australian Government, says Reuter, have decided to nationalise the liquor trade in the Northern Territory.

Railway Blocked by Landslip.

Owing to a landslip on the South-Eastern Railway near Mersham (Kent) yesterday, the line was blocked for five hours.

Ready to Act as "Specials."

At the Coves Town Council meeting last night the members resolved to act as special constables, should the emergency arise.

Son for Austrian Heir.

The Archduchess Zita, wife of the heir to the Austrian throne, was stated yesterday, says the Central News, to have given birth to a son.

How to Get Large Cold Medal.

A Constantinople message, says the Central News, states that the Sultan has conferred upon Grand Admiral von Tirpitz and General von Falkenhayn large gold medals for bravery.

Fourteen-Hour All-Night Speech.

A fourteen-hour speech, says the Central News, was concluded at 8.40 a.m. yesterday in the American Senate by Senator Jones, who is taking part in the Republican attempt to talk out the Ship Purchase Bill.

YESTERDAY'S RACING.

The concluding stage of the Birmingham meeting provided very tame sport yesterday. Only thirty-three horses were added for the six events, and most of the races were won in runaway style.

Thaddeus was expected to give Wild Aster a good race in the Rugeley Hurdle, but Weston's horse was never in the picture and the favourite won by six lengths from B. and S.

Schoolmoney and Waylace also gained very easy victories in their respective races, and the only finish to cause any excitement was that between Garnish Island and Ramsgate, in the Harbour Hurdle, in which the favourite was beaten by a neck.

Much better racing should be seen at Windsor to-day, when several Grand National candidates are engaged in the Burnham Steeplechase. Selections are as follow:—

- 1.0—Curlew Hurdle—MILLBRIDGE.
- 1.30—River S'chase—JOHN REDMOND.
- 2.0—Bracknell Hurdle—FLURRY.
- 2.30—Wednesday Hurdle—FEY FALO.
- 3.0—Falsaff S'chase—COSMIMA.
- 3.30—Burnham S'chase—LUTHER III.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

●MILLBRIDGE and FLURRY. BOUVIERE.

BIRMINGHAM RACING RETURNS.

- 1.50—Rugeley Hurdle, 2m.—Wild Aster (evens, Duller), 1; B. and S. (100-8); 2; Mist Tower (100-8); 3; 8 ran.
- 2.0—Packington Hurdle, 2m.—Tinstone (11-4, Reanison), 1; Garve (5-1), 2; Prickly (7-1), 3; 5 ran.
- 2.50—Warwickshire Chase, 3m.—Schoolmoney (5-6, Johnson), 1; Cotton (100-8); 2; Kolo (7-1), 3; 5 ran.
- 3.20—Harbour Hurdle, 2m.—Garnish Island (9-2, Gossell), 1; Ramsgate (6-5), 2; Cornucopse (8-1), 3; 5 ran.
- 3.50—Tanworth Chase, 3m.—Waylace (4-6, I. Anthony), 1; Dalnaspidal (5-1), 2; 4 ran.
- 4.20—Salsley Chase, 2m.—Venl (10-1, Mahony), 1; Golden Silence (10-1), 2; Tears and Smiles (8-1), 3; 6 ran.

MUZZLED GERMAN EAGLE.

The curious picture in yesterday's *Daily Mirror* of "The German Eagle Muzzled" provides an entertaining illustration of the patriotism of true British subjects in small details.

The photograph was taken outside the house of Mr. Walter J. Timson, near Barnes, where two stone eagles adorn the entrance. Both their heads are tied with the British flag.

Through a mistake on the part of a photographic agency, the house was yesterday described as the residence of Mr. G. H. Chirgwin, the popular comedian.



(From Photo by Dutch Press.)

In the hands of the famous Death's Head Hussars MR. PHILIP DOLLOU

The American War Correspondent, arrested and imprisoned in Brussels for nine days as an English suspect.

Mr. Dollo writes: "As a citizen of the United States I was enabled to follow the German Army, and, of course, I have been through and experienced many hardships, and, in common with other War Correspondents, I find it is an excellent precaution to have a supply of Phosferine in one's valise. When it is impossible to obtain rest or sleep, and food is indifferent, marching and travelling continuous until one feels like dropping, then Phosferine keeps one from experiencing the ill-effects of fatigue, exhaustion, and exposure. It is a rare nerve-steadier and bracer-up, and I am not surprised to see how the soldiers appreciate it."

NERVE FORCE

This brilliant and intrepid War Correspondent owes his rapid recovery from the ill-effects of prison rigour, and the hardships and severe privations of campaigning, entirely to the Revitalising Powers of Phosferine—it prevented the Nervous Exhaustion going further and overpowering him—Phosferine rebuilt the Nerve Forces.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
Influenza	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Rheumatism
Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Headache
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Braint-Fag	Hysteria
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

Phosferine has a world-wide reputation for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily and at less cost than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE

Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on ACTIVE SERVICE, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is needed.

The 29 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. The 29 size contains nearly four times the 1½ size.

SLENDERZOON BATHS CURE OBESITY

Such remedies for obesity as drugs, "tablets," exercising and dieting are quite out of date. **SLENDERZOON**, the great secret remedy for stoutness, is simply put in your bath. Eat as much as you like, exercise as little as you like. **SLENDERZOON** will restore your figure to its former beauty. Send 1/- with 2d. extra for carriage, for a large case to **THE SLENDERZOON CO.** 28, F. 8, SOUTH STREET, LONDON, E.C.



'Hairs Never Return'



EJECTHAIR, although inexpensive, is a certain, safe and sure cure for unsightly hairs on the face or elsewhere. It not only causes the hairs to instantly vanish, but without pain or harm kills the roots absolutely and for ever. Sent in plain cover for 7d., with reports and actual testimonials from grateful customers, which will convince you EJECTHAIR is really a lasting, Permanent Cure. Send now 7d. to **THE EJECTHAIR CO.** (Dept. D.M.), 682, Holloway Rd., London, N.



Tommy, in his after Pantomime Dream, robs the Giant of his cherished tin of **CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH**, so that he can no longer walk through rivers without getting his feet wet and will, therefore, be laid up with Colds and Chills.

Wednesday, February 10 1915.

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

THE OVERSEAS WEEKLY EDITION of "The Daily Mirror" has rapidly become the best and most interesting paper for soldiers at the front, for friends abroad, and for readers wishing to keep a record of the War in news and pictures. Subscription rates (prepaid), post free, to Canada for six months, 10s.; elsewhere abroad, 15s.; special rate to Expeditionary Force, 6s. 6d. for thirteen weeks, or order from your newsagent, EVERY FRIDAY, price 3d. Address—Manager, "Overseas Daily Mirror," 23-9, Bouverie-street, London, E.C.

A FRIENDLY MATTER OF FINANCE. P. 300 B



Mr. Lloyd George, M. Bark (Russia's Minister of Finance) and Mr. Winston Churchill in London yesterday. M. Bark lunched with the Chancellor at Downing-street. The visit is a sequel to the recent meeting in Paris.

THE HUNS ARE "SPY" CATCHING AT LODZ. P. 11909 C



At Lodz, which is now occupied by the Germans, the population is learning what it is like to be properly Prussianised. All sorts of peaceful Russian subjects are being caught as "spies." Here is one of them.

FRENCH SOLDIERS' CLEVER CARVINGS. P. 11911 D



French soldiers who are fighting at Soissons have amused themselves carving figures at the entrance to the famous quarries. The carved figures represent the Republic and Napoleon. There are many famous artists in the French Army.

BELGIUM'S LITTLE GRIFFON. P. 691 E



This fine little fellow was on show at the Brussels Griffon Club of London and the Griffon Belge Club. The show was held yesterday at Knightsbridge in aid of the Belgian Relief Fund. The dog took several prizes in Belgium.

WARM BUT LOUD. P. 11908 F



This chess-board jersey for the troops is very warm. It also serves as a chess-board.

AT SOUTHWARK. P. 16985 G



Dr. W. H. Ogilvie and Miss Quilter, who were married yesterday at Southwark Cathedral, London Bridge.